

A New Ballad of the Protestant Joyner.

Or of *Colledges* Lamentation,
since his Condemnation.

Tune of *Tony*, Or, *How unhappy in love is Philander.*



[1]

THe Protestant Joyner is carried
To *Oxford* to take his degree,
And there it is said will be married
All under the *Willow-green Tree*.
For since his Accomplishes faulted,
Jack Ketch has provided a Halter
For those that did blame us;
And went for to sham us;
Will find that the Bill was not *Ignoramus*.

[2]

He's swell'd up with Treacherous Sedition,
And now of Rebellion is sick,
He wants the *Fore-man* his Physitian
To find out some Pollitick trick,
For he Good-man's in the Tower,
And now lies beyond the power
Of Whig, or of Shrieve,
To give him Reprieve,
Or Counsel him how himself to Retrieve.

[3]

May now all the Presbiter Faction
Look sad at this *Colledges* fate,
Who was Master of Arts in Transfaction,
To make *Tony* Head of the State:
Since Libell's accounted witty,
He published throughout the City,
To blow up the fire
Of Ambitious desire,
For which in a Halter he's now liket' expire.

[4]

The Judges were kind to the Prisoner,
And granted what e're he desired,
He had Presbiter, Priest, and Tapster
To speak what e're he Required:
He had what e're he propounded,
Yet was by the witness confounded,
For the Priest disappears,
Through scoffs, and through jeares,
& shrunk out of the Court like a Rat without ears.

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[5]

Twelve men of the best of the County
Were chosen to bring in the Fact,
They scorn'd a Reward or a Bounty,
Since for God and King *Charles* they did Act,
They brought him in guilty of Treason,
For which all the Judges shew'd reason,
Then after being Cast,
His Sentence was past,
For the Halter's the first, & the Fire the last.

[6]

He now does begin to repent him,
And wishes he'd ne'r been a Fool,
But made use of the Talent was lent him,
Not work'd with so dangerous a tool:
So wretched a Sott ne'r man saw,
He's cut to Death with his Hand-Saw,
This, this is the fate,
When fools to be great,
Will venture their lives to be Members of State.

[7]

This Rascal who lived well in *London*
And could not be Planeing at home,
But is by his foolery undone,
And to Execution must come:
He thought to have been Head of the *Colledg*,
But that was beyond his knowledge,
Thus fools who aspire,
Will fall in the Mire,
And still do come short of what they desire.

[8]

God preserve Great *Charles* and his Council,
And see that to Sentence they bring,
All Traytors that do pronounce ill,
Or talk of so Gracious a King:
May they all by their Plots be confounded,
Both Papist, Whigg, and, Round-head,
And bring them to shame,
Who speak ill of his name,
for he's our King that the world does proclaim.